

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY
ONE WAY OUTBy WILLIAM CARLETON
Copyrighted, 1911, by Small, Maynard & Company.CHAPTER II.
Thirty Dollars a Week.

THE rent was \$40 a month, and I signed a three-year lease before I left. The next week was a busy one for us both.

We bought almost a thousand dollars' worth of furniture on the installment plan, and even then we didn't seem to get more than the bare necessities.

I hadn't any idea that house-furnishings cost so much. But if the bill had come to five times that I wouldn't have cared. The installments didn't amount to very much a week, and I already saw Morse prominent and myself filling his position at \$2,500. With Ruth at my side I bought like a king.

The following Saturday we were married. My vacation was due for another month, so we decided not to wait. The old folks came down from the farm and we just called in a clergyman and were married in the front parlor of the aunt's house. It was both very simple and very solemn. Ruth wore a white dress and looked very beautiful, and didn't seem afraid.

As for me, my knees trembled and I was a bit white. I think it was the old people and the room, for when it was over and we came out into the sunshine again, I felt as if I expected a bit light-headed. I remember that the street and houses and the cars seemed like very small things.

When, with Ruth on my arm, I walked up the steps of the house and unlocked the front door, I felt as if I was entering a new life. It was my first taste of home since my mother died, and added to that was this new love which was finer than anything I had ever known before. It seemed hard to leave every morning at half-past six and not get back until after five, but I didn't object this week, for the summer days. Many the time even in June Ruth and I ate our breakfast by lamplight. It gave us an extra hour, and she was bred in the country where getting up in the morning is a great hardship.

We couldn't afford a servant and we didn't want one. Ruth was a fine cook and I certainly did justice to her dishes after a long day's work at the office. I seemed to like her cooking when I saw her pat out the dough and put it in the oven instead of plants, and about four yards of early peas. In addition to this Ruth had squeezed lettuce, four to six corn cobs and a fern into another, and planted sweet aubergines around the whole business. Even the old folks seemed to raise his own vegetables. It was supposed to do down expenses, but I noticed the market man always did.

I had met two or three of the men at the country club, and they introduced me to a few more. I was earning about the same salaries and living in about the same type of house. Still there were differences. One or two of them had better cars than I. Their husbands those whose salaries went over \$2,000. Two or three of the men were in banking, one was in a leather firm, one was an agent for an insurance company, another was with the telephone company, another was with the Standard Oil, and the others were with firms like mine. Most of them had been settled out here three or four years, and they were in a general way they looked comfortable and happy enough, but you heard a good deal of talk among them about the high cost of living and you couldn't help noticing that those who dressed the best had the fewest children. One or two of them owned horses, but even they felt obliged to explain that they saved the cost of them in carfare.

They all called and left their cards, but that first year didn't see much of them. There wasn't room in my life for any one but Ruth at that time. I didn't see even the old folks again except during business hours and at lunch.

The rent scaled my salary down to \$1,000 at one sweep. Then we had to save at least \$1 a week to pay on the furniture. This left \$30, or \$15 a week, to cover running expenses. We paid cash for everything, and, though we never had much left over at the end of the week and never anything at the end of the month, we had about everything we wanted. For one thing our tastes were not extravagant and we had no entertainers. Our grocery and meat bill amounted to from \$5 to \$7 a week. Of course, I had my lunches in town, but I got out of those for 20 cents. My daily carfare cost 20 cents more, which brought my total weekly expenses up to about \$3. This left a comfortable margin of about \$12 for light, coal, clothes and amusements. In the summer the first three items didn't amount to much, so some weeks we put most of this into the furniture. But the city was new to Ruth, especially at night, so we were in town a good deal. She used to meet me at the door and we'd walk about the city and then take dinner at some little French restaurant when maybe go to a concert or the theater. She made everything new to me again. At the theater she used to perch on the edge of her seat so breathless, and when I looked at her the old-timers watch her instead of the show. I often did myself. And sometimes it was as if I were in the whole company acted to her alone.

These days were perfect. The only incident to mar them was the death of Ruth's mother. She died suddenly and left an estate of \$500 or \$700. Ruth insisted upon putting that into the furniture. But one day when I was as fair as the first. My salary came as regularly as an annuity and there was every prospect for advancement. The garden did well and Ruth became acquainted with most of the women in a social way. She joined a sewing circle which met twice a month chiefly to give for the purpose of finding out about one another's husbands. At any rate, she told me more about them than I would have learned in ten years.

Still, during the fall and winter we kept pretty much by ourselves, not deliberately, but because neither of us cared particularly about wild parties and such things, but preferred to spend together what time we had. And then I guess Ruth was a bit about her clothes. She dressed mighty well to my eye, but she made most of her things herself and didn't care much about style. She didn't notice the differences at home, but when she was out among others they made her feel it. However, spring came around again and we were got all about those details. We didn't go in town so much that summer and used to spend more time on our piazza. I saw more of the men in this way and found them a pleasant, companionable lot. They asked me to join the Neighborhood Club and I did, more to meet them half way than because I wanted to. There we played billiards and discussed the stock market and furnaces.

SAILORS

—that are worth while—\$3 and \$5. They will not sag or get rusty. All colors, shapes, and sizes.

Stimemetz

F Street, Corner Twelfth.

All of them had schemes for making fortunes if only they had a few thousand dollars capital. Now and then you'd find a group of them in one corner discussing a rumor that so and so had lost his job. They spoke of this as they would of a death. But none of those subjects interested me, especially in view of what I was looking forward to in my own family.

In the afternoon of the early fall the women sent over Jellies and such stuff to Ruth and dropped in upon her with whispered advice. She used to repeat it to me at night with a gay little laugh and her eyes sparkling like diamonds. She was happier now than I had ever seen her, and so was I myself. When I went in town in the morning I felt very important.

I thought I had touched the climax of life when I married Ruth, but when the winter came he lifted me a notch higher. And with him he brought me a new wife in Ruth without taking one whit from the old. Sweetheart, wife, and motherhood were revealed to me new depths of womanhood.

She taught me, too, what real courage is. It was the winter when the time came. I had taken a day off, but the doctor ordered me out of the house. I went down to the club and I felt more at home there than I did at home. I never did before or afterward. It was Saturday, and during the afternoon a number of the men called in and just silently gripped my hand.

The women, too, seemed to take a special interest in me. They were able to sit up with me brought in numberless little things. But you'd have thought it was their house and not mine. I was the one who was being nursed. When any of them came I felt as though I didn't belong there, and ought to tiptoe out of the house.

We'd been saving up during the summer for this emergency, so that we had enough to pay for the doctor and the new expenses. In the first place, we had to have a servant now. I secured a French girl, but I don't know if I ever did before or afterward. It was Saturday, and during the afternoon a number of the men called in and just silently gripped my hand.

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Miss Helen Taft Returns to Capital After the Week-End in Wilmington**Guest at House Party at Senator du Pont's Country Place.**

Miss Helen Taft returned to the White House early this afternoon from Wilmington, Del., where she was a guest of the week-end house party Senator du Pont entertained at his country place.

Miss Keys, of Cincinnati, arrived this morning for a visit to Mr. Taft.

The tea-house at Pierce's Mill, in Rock Creek Park, is one of the most popular gathering places these days for the numerous all fresco affairs for which the spring season in Washington has come to be famous. Every day riding and driving parties stop for refreshments at the quaint old stone building, and quite the smartest lately is to walk out to the old mill.

The Attaché of the Russian Embassy and Mme. Boris de Struve, accompanied by Miss Isabel May, will leave Washington shortly for New York, from where they will sail for Europe. Miss May will be their guest for several weeks at their home in St. Petersburg, before joining her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Henry May, who are going abroad shortly, and will spend the summer traveling through Europe.

Mrs. William Litchauer entertained a large party at luncheon today in her residence on Sixteenth street. The luncheon will be followed by bridge.

Mrs. Russell B. Harrison will be hostess at a large tea tomorrow afternoon in compliment to Mrs. McKee.

The last meeting of the Monday Morning Musical Club for the season will be held this evening in the ball room of the New Willard.

Miss Symons Returns to Capital. Miss Margaretta Symons, who has been spending several weeks in Buffalo, visiting Mrs. William B. Hoyt and Mrs. George B. Matthews, returned to Washington this morning. Miss Symons stopped for a few days in New York and Philadelphia en route to her home.

Lieut. Col. Edward Burr, U. S. A., and Mrs. Burr have invitations out for a dinner party this evening at their residence on Jefferson place.

Mr. and Mrs. Lars Anderson, who have been spending a few weeks of the spring season in Washington, the guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Nicholas Anderson, have returned to their home near Boston, after spending the week-end as the guests of Senator DuPont, who entertained them at his country place near Wilmington, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar T. Crosby and the Misses Crosby closed their summer season at the Dupont and left Washington today for their country home, near Warrenton, Va.

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Mrs. Cropper Will Go Abroad for Summer

Mrs. John Cropper will close her Washington residence the last of this month and will sail from New York, June 3, on the Baltic to spend the summer with her cousins, Marquis and Marquise Saint-Mars.

The bazaar for the Episcopal Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital at the Arlington Hotel on Wednesday and Thursday is an event much anticipated, both on account of the cause to be helped and the pleasant entertainment the public has learned to expect from this board of lady managers. Through the courtesy of the city's most eminent oculists, aurists, and skillful surgeons, and the generosity of the public, the Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital brings to the poor the same efficiency that ministers to the rich and by it the sight of a long list of workmen has been saved.

A feature of the coming bazaar will be the tea room in charge of Miss Esther K. Bowen, of the Episcopal Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital, who will assist Miss Bowen. Mrs. Thomas J. Jones and Mrs. James Taylor, of St. Alban's, will preside at the coffee table, and Mrs. Edward A. Ade, Mrs. John Paul Earnest, Mrs. W. W. Finley, Mrs. T. Percy Myers, Miss B. C. Saxton, Mrs. Charles H. Stockton, and Miss Jane Wilkes.

Mrs. William H. Wilmer, of Epiphany Church, will be assisted by Mrs. John C. Boyd, Miss E. Bryan, Mrs. B. H. Buckingham, George T. Dunlap, Mrs. Monte Griffith, Miss Anna F. Jones, Mrs. A. F. King, Mrs. P. J. Ryan, Mrs. E. J. Stollwagen, and Miss Fannie Gillis.

Mrs. Thomas W. Buddington, of St. Michael and All Angels Church, will assist Mrs. Grant, and Mrs. William M. J. Jones, of St. Paul's, will assist Mrs. Gail and Miss Lane, Mrs. E. H. Calvert, and Mrs. Charles E. Buck are also among those who are interested in the success of the enterprise. Music and dancing will enliven the evening hours.

A fashionable gathering attended the illustrated lecture on "Two Revolutions," by James P. J. Archibald, at the Playhouse this evening. A number of supper parties followed the lecture.

The Belgian Minister and Countess de Buisson will be among the dinner guests at this evening.

Sir Robert and Lady Hadfield have invitations out for a dinner Thursday evening at their residence on Sheridan circle.

The French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand will entertain at dinner Monday, May 8, at the embassy.

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Vice President and Mrs. Sherman to Entertain at Dinner.

The Vice President and Mrs. Sherman, who returned to Washington this morning from a brief visit to their home in Utica, have cards out for a dinner Thursday evening at their residence, on Sixteenth street.

Will Join Her Son in Paris. Viscountess Benoit d'Azy, wife of the naval attaché of the French embassy, will leave Washington May 30 for New York, from where she will sail the following day for Paris to join her son, who is in school there. In July they will go to Canada to join the Viscount d'Azy for the remainder of the season.

Paymaster Barber, U. S. N., and Mrs. Barber, who have taken the Gherardi house in Chevy Chase for the summer, are moving from their apartment in the Highlands today.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan will arrive in Washington Thursday, and will be a guest at the Shoreham.

Leave for Brief Visit to Canada. The British ambassador and Mrs. James Bryce will leave Washington tomorrow for a brief visit to Canada.

Mme. LaMontagne and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Patterson, are spending the spring in Washington.

Mme. Ritter, wife of the Swiss minister, will sail from New York, May 25, to spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Oliver Cromwell and Miss Louise Cromwell went to New York this morning for a few days' shopping trip.

Mr. and Mrs. James Marion Johnston entertained at dinner last night, complimentary to Miss Louise Cromwell and Walter Brooks, Jr., whose wedding will take place May 15.

Will Entertain at Dinner This Afternoon. The Military Attaché of the French Embassy and Countess de Chambrun will entertain a small party informally at dinner this evening at their residence on Sixteenth street.

The Secretary of the Swiss legation, Henri Martin, returned to Washington this morning from New York, where he spent several days last week.

The Belgian Minister and Countess de Buisson entertained at dinner last evening at the legation the British Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce, Mrs. Corbes, Miss Corbes, and Miss Ritchie, of the Russian embassy; H. M. Van Weede, of the Netherlands legation, and Frederick Hudekoper.

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FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME**The Sandman's Stories****THE MISER.**

THERE lived in a country once upon a time a man who was very fond of money, and he did not care how many people he made miserable if only he could be rich.

The poor people who lived near the forest and cut wood for him he would pay a very little money for their labor, while he charged large sums for the wood, which he sold to the rich people. One day while he was walking in the forest thinking how much money he could make from the cutting of the trees, he met a witch.

"You are a cruel man," she told him; "beware that your love of money does not bring you want and sorrow. The poor wood-cutters work for you for small wages, and almost starve, while you sell the fruits of their hard work and grow rich."

"Be gone," said the miser; "you are a bad old woman," and he struck at her with his cane. But the stroke fell upon the air, for the witch had disappeared. A voice, however, seemed to follow him as he walked away saying, "I will come again when you least expect me, and when he was out of the forest he no longer heard the voice, and he soon forgot the warning and thought only of how much money he would have."

"I'll have all the wood in the forest cut," he said, "and pile it up in my house and yard, and when the people want wood this winter they will have to buy it of me and pay the price I ask."

One night he sat smoking his pipe and dreaming of the wealth he would have, for the wood was cut and piled up upon his hearth at last grew into flame in his hearth.

Tomorrow's story: "Midnight's Dream."

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